

THE
ROYAL MARRIAGE,
A
NEW OPERA
OF
THREE ACTS,

As it is Perform'd by a

Private Company of GENTLEMEN near
St. James's;

Occasioned by

The ever-memorable Nuptials of their Royal
Highnesses the Prince of *Wales*, and the Prin-
cess of *Saxe-Gotha*.

By a GENTLEMAN of the University of *Oxford*.

Hail wedded Love ! -----

*Perpetual Fountain of domestic Sweets,
Here Love his golden Shafts employs ; here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings.*

MILTON.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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A TABLE of the AIRS.

	<i>Page</i>
<i>Air I.</i> Tho' War Europa's Sons alarm'd, &c.	7
<i>Air II.</i> O how substantial are the Joys, &c.	9
<i>Air III.</i> What Joys attend Britannia's Heir, &c.	15
<i>Air IV.</i> What tho' I am a <i>Drury Whore</i> , &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Air V.</i> Since Fortune's a <i>Jilt</i> , &c.	17
<i>Air VI.</i> Shall every <i>British Subject</i> boast, &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Air VII.</i> Although that I am a <i>Devonshire Man</i> , &c.	19
<i>Air VIII.</i> In pompous Consultation met, &c.	20
<i>Air IX.</i> Of all the Girls that shine so bright, &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Air X.</i> O what vast extensive Bliss, &c.	21
<i>Air XI.</i> What would uneasy <i>Britain</i> have, &c.	22
<i>Air XII.</i> Come, <i>Venus</i> , <i>Proteus</i> , <i>Cupid</i> too, &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Air XIII.</i> So look'd the fair <i>Ægyptian Queen</i> , &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Air XI V.</i> When Ladies their Interest through Plea- sure pursue, &c.	23
<i>Air XV.</i> Great God of Light, &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Air XVI.</i> What is the brilliant Shew of Courts, &c.	24
<i>Aia XVII.</i> Egregious Knight, enticing fair, &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Atr XVIII.</i> Can those Charms, &c.	27
<i>Air XIX.</i> Were I softer than the Rose, &c.	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Air XX.</i> The gran Epithalamium, &c.	28

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Prince.

Lord *Clincher* senior.

Lord *Clincher* junior.

Sir *Joseph Wronghead*.

Dick Hector.

Tom Bully.

Abraham, Servant to Lord *Clincher* senior,

Roger Servant to Sir *Joseph Wronghead*.

W O M E N.

Princess.

Miss *Nancy*, Daughter to Sir *Joseph Wronghead*, a plain Country Girl.

Etonia, alias, the Dutches of *Dive-in*.

Betty, her Maid.

Gentlemen, Drawers, Attendants, &c.

S C E N E, *London*.

T O

The Right Honourable

The Lady Viscountess

I R W I N.

MY LADY,

AMIDS T the Universal Joy which diffuseth itself at Present over the whole Nation, no one I believe is touch'd with a *deeper Sense* of it than Your Ladyship, because no one is more firmly attatch'd to the Illustrious House of *Hanover*.

To whom then should the Muse fly for Protection? What other Patroness could she choose to screen the Faults of this poor Performance, but Lady *Irwin*? whose tender Regard for the Welfare of this *Royal Couple*, hath so eminently distinguished itself.

THE great Variety of *English* Operas which have of late Years over-run our Theatres, render them as it were fulsome to a *curious Reader*; but one on the following Subject will, I presume, be esteemed grateful to every *Loyal Breast*, which *exults* with Delight, to see all our Hopes accomplished in this *auspicious Day*.

THE virtuous Joys that *Marriage* gives are a fit Theme for the Sons of *Parnassus*, where only a *private Occasion* offers, but to view the *Illustrious Personages*

DEDICATION.

sonages before us, setting Examples of *Connubial Love*, must inspire the meanest Bard to tune his Strings, and warble forth an *Epithalamium*, though in the most *awkward Strains*.

But I forget I am writing to a Lady, who has been *experimentally acquainted* with all those *inestimable Blessings* this *Royal Pair* are now enjoying.

AFTER so long a *Dedication*, should I enlarge upon Your particular *Qualifications*, they would swell these Sheets beyond the Limits fix'd for a Thing of this Nature; and as the World is sufficiently appris'd of them, so I have no Occasion to repeat them here.

I shall not trespass on Your Patience any longer, but conclude with assuring You how much I am

Your Ladyship's

most Dutiful,

and Devoted Servant,

The AUTHOR.



T H E
Royal Marriage, &c.

A C T I.

S C E N E the First discovers the Remains of a sumptuous Entertainment ; several Servants ; some folding up Cloaths ; others eating ; others drinking ; first Servant takes up a Bottle of Wine half full ; pours out and drinks.

Serv. 1. **T**H O' War *Europa's Sons* alarm'd
These happy Lands no Jarrings knew ;
Salubrious Peace her Sons still warm'd
To mighty **GEORGE's Wisdom** due.

Serv. 2. Thrice happy *Albion* beauteous Isle,
Let succeeding Ages sing,
The sweetest Rose that grac'd your Soil,
Shone, flourish'd, and was pluck'd in Spring.

Serv. 3. With what Delight shall Babes unborn
Dwell on the Parent's tuneful Tongue,
Unite to celebrate this Morn,
And lisping, imitate the Song.

Serv. 1. What glorious Days are these — Nature was always liberal to this favourite Spot of Earth, but now is she profuse, as it were, and brings brings both hands full charg'd with Favours.

Serv. 2. Not only glorious Days, but glorious Living ; see here, (pointing to the Tables) fragments sufficient to furnish out a handsome Entertainment.

Serv. 3. Great *Nevil's Feast*, or othejs (which History records) were but scanty Repasts compar'd with this, meer niggardly Collations.

The Royal Marriage.

Serv. 1. True; their Taste was not so refin'd, nor their Palate so nice, nor the Occasion so extraordinary.

Serv. 2. 'Twas proper, indeed, that Heaven and Earth, the Air, and wide-extended Deep should all be ransack'd to adorn this Festival—For that which in future Ages shall know no Parallel, ought to exceed all that went before.

Ser. 3. As all the Spices which *Arabia* yields, kindly unite their Fragrance to scent the expiring *Phenix* nest—So all the Rarities that the universe can afford, should conspire to embellish the Nuptials of this royal Maid.

Ser. 1. And as from this spicy Bed another *Phenix* arises, so from her ceasing to be a Virgin, may a new one be born.

Ser. 2. The Simile is very *Apropos*: she is indeed the *Phenix* of the Age, and must (if any thing) produce her own likeness.

Ser. 3. I have read, Gentlemen, in a Book (that Mrs. Lucy, my Lady's Woman lent me) of these Birds—And wonder, if they are such great dainties, we had not some at this grand Entertainment.

Ser. 1. I never heard they were good to eat; if they had doubtless, a few of them (are they ever so scarce) would have adorn'd these Tables.

Ser. 2. I believe, Friends, ye are both mistaken, they live but one at a time.

Ser. 3. I am of your Opinion. Come let's drink about, and not talk of things beyond our Abilities.

Ser. 1. Why, that's the best Doctrine, indeed, Sir.

Ser. 2. How stands the Article of Veils amongst you?

Ser. 3. I can't say that I am so selfish, at this joyful Season as to trouble myself much about the Cole.

Ser. 1. Nor I, indeed, since here is rich Living.

Ser. 2. My Opinion varies from yours in that respect, I am for a Mixture, some Pleasure, and some Profit.

Ser. 3. But this is a time that our Hearts should be as open and diffusive as our Masters—There are proper times to collect, and to distribute.

Ser. 1. This is a time, which like the *secular Games* should be proclaimed with a *Come see what no Man living ever yet saw, or ever will*.

Ser. 2. Gentlemen, I acquiesce.

Ser. 3. Love and Gallantry, my Lads, should be the only Topicks of Conversation—What glorious Examples invite us to kiss and bill, and court our Dames.

Ser. 1. I don't question making my own Fortune by this Marriage—For since Matrimony is become fashionable, I find my dearest Jenny (whom I have long wood in vain) much more complying than usual.

Ser. 2. If such Authority can have no influence, I don't know what will.

Serv.

The Royal Marriage.

9

Ser. 3. Come then, Gentlemen, let us drink Health and Prosperity to the illustrious Encouragers of lawful Wedlock, to the glorious Bridegroom, and his happy Bride.

A I R 2.

O how substantial are the Joys,
Which consecrated Love supplies ;
No fatal sting remains behind.
What can afford a nobler sight,
Than Virtue blended with Delight ;
'Tis Heaven and Earth combin'd ?]

Serv. 1 Such bright Examples ever prove
A Mound to stem licentious Love.
And to immortalize their Names ;
The fickle Libertine resigns
His Mistress, and reform'd inclines,
To more Celestial Flames.

Serv. 2. Hence each fair Nymph and amorous Swain
Shall kindly meet in *Hymen's Chain* ;
Whoredom be out of Fashion.
Tom shall pretty *Lucy* wed,
And *Dick* lead *Jenny* to his Bed,
Indulging *Courtly Passion*.

Omnes. Huzza, long Life and Health to the royal Bridegroom, and his Bride.

Enter Sir *Joseph Wronghead*, his Daughter, Miss *Nancy*, and his Man *Roger*, with a Portmanteau on his Shoulder, all in Riding-Habits.

Sir *Joseph*. Is this the *Court* ? Pray (aside to *Roger*) take care of the Portmanteau.

Serv. 1. Yes, Sir, what would you please to have, or whom would you speak with ?

Serv. 2. (Aside) What merry Figures are these ? All Originals Faith, some simple Country Puts.

Sir *Joseph*. Why, then, Sir, if this is the *Court*, I want to see my Lord (scratching his Head) What is his Name, *Nancy*, (turning to his Daughter) that invited me to the Wedding — Look in your Pocket-Book you have got his Name down on a bit of Paper.

Serv. My Lord, what's his Name, Sir, I don't apprehend you — Here are fifty Lords, and fifty to that.

Sir *Joseph*. I'll satisfy you presently, Man — 'Sblood *Roger*, dont lose your Eyes ; (turning to his Man) take care of the Portmanteau — Come, *Nancy*, my Dear, quickly (she fumbles in her Pocket, and pulls out a bit of Paper, and gives it to Sir *Joseph*.)

Sir *Joseph*. (taking the Paper) It is my Lord *Clincher*, Sir.

Serv. My Lord *Clincher*, very well, Sir — Mr. *Abraham* (calling to a Servant) here's a Gentleman wants your Lord.

Abraham

Abraham. (advancing) Pray, Sir, who are you, or what is your Busines?

Sir Joseph. Why, Sir, my Lord will know me again when he sees me, and as to my Busines he shall hear that when I see him.

Abraham. But that is not our Method, Sir, at Court, we always carry up the Name.

Sir Joseph. Tell him then that my Name is Sir *Joseph Wrong-head*, Receiver General of *Devonshire*, and that I have brought my Daughter *Nancy* and Man *Roger*, according to his Honour's Appointment, to see the Wedding.

Abraham. Very well, Sir.

(Exit.)

(Sir *Joseph*, Miss *Nancy*, and *Roger*, all three staring) Sir *Joseph*, Take care of the Portmanteau, I tell you once more *Roger*. There are Rogues at Court as well as in the Country—— What a Devilish great Room this is *Nancy*?

Miss. (whispering) A Body may speak here, Sir, mayn't one.

Sir Joseph. Ay, ay, Child, as freely as if you was in my great Hall at home, with the Tenants and their Wives.

Roger. (sidling up to Sir *Joseph*) To my Mind, Sir, these People must be plaguy Gluttons, they may talk and talk of Ploughmens Stomacks, but sure the Court-folks must have as good.

Sir Joseph. I believe so too *Roger*, or else they could never consume so much Victuals.

Miss Nancy. Here must be more Meat drest by half, than one of our *Christmas* Dinners, when we treat the whole Parish.

Sir Joseph. Yes, Child, because the whole Kingdom is invited.

Roger. Ay, more Miss than my Master's, and the Parson's two Tythe-Feasts put together—— But sure if the whole Kingdom is invited, then Ned Spriggins, Tom Tulip, and the rest of our Neighbours are invited, and had they known it I dare say they would a Come.

Miss Nancy. And then, Sir, perhaps we might have got a Room to ourselves, and have had a Country Dance amongst our own Acquaintance.

Enter *Abraham* bowing; be pleas'd to walk this way, Sir, and the young *Lady*.

Roger. (taking hold of Sir *Joseph*'s Coat with one Hand) Master, Master, what must I do, Sir, you promis'd not to leave me before I came from home.

Sir Joseph. No, no, *Roger*, come along with us.

Abraham. That's not customary, Sir, here.

Sir Joseph. Not customary, why not as well as in the Country, my Lord let *Roger* come into the Room where he was there, and why not here. I can't leave my Man in a strange Place indeed—— And so tell my Lord if *Roger* mayn't come, I wont.

Abraham.

The Royal Marriage.

II

Abraham. Very well, Sir (Exit. and returns) Now, Sir pray follow me, *Roger* and all.

Sir Joseph. Come *Nancy*, come *Roger*.

Scene changes to Lord *Clincher's* Dining-Room. *Clincher* sen.

Clincher jun. and other Gentlemen a side Board, with Wine and Glasses. Enter *Sir Joseph*, Miss *Nancy*, and *Roger*.

Lord Clincher sen. (advancing to *Sir Joseph*) *Sir Joseph*, I am your very humble Servant; you are heartily welcome to Town, and to my Apartment — What? and pretty Miss *Nancy* too (saluting her) — and honest *Roger* besides — Here who's in waiting, *Abraham* take care of *Roger*, and make him welcome.

Sir Joseph. My Lord, I am thrice three-fold your Honours staunch Friend — I told you we would come, and so we are, *Nancy* and *Roger*, and I.

Lord Clincher sen. More welcome Guests *Sir Joseph* could not have enter'd this Palace — My Servant shall entertain *Roger*.

Sir Joseph. *Roger* wont come to any harm in his Company I hope my Lord.

Lord Clincher sen. No, no, *Sir Joseph*, he will only fill his Belly, and shew him the Palace.

Sir Joseph. Very well, my Lord — then *Roger* you may go since I have his Honour's word for it — But first lay down the Portmanteau in some corner where it may not be offensive (*Roger* puts down the Portmanteau, and Exit. with *Abraham*) I am very chary of my Man *Roger* you know my Lord.

Lord Clincher sen. And with a great deal of Reason *Sir Joseph*. *Roger* I believe is a very trusty Servant — But what says pretty Miss had you rather stay with your Papa, or go to my Lady.

Sir Joseph. I hope your Honour and the good Company will excuse me if I cover myself (putting on his Hat) because 'tis what I have always us'd myself to in my own Parlour; and as for *Nancy* she shall take her Choice — What say you my dear will you stay with me, or go among your own Sex.

Lord Clincher jun. (aside) A pretty Creature upon my Soul, I hope she'll stay here — Miss had rather be with her Papa perhaps *Sir Joseph*, than in strange Company.

Miss *Nancy*. I had rather be with Father.

Sir Joseph. So you shall my Chicken.

Lord Clincher sen. Well *Sir Joseph* how did you leave all Friends in *Devonshire*? You must have had a long fatiguing Journey.

Sir Joseph. Adads my Lord, 'tis a long way, a very long way, indeed; but our Horses held it out rarely — I wou'd not take thirty Guineas for my brown Gelding now I have try'd him — for *Roger* says he feeds heartily, and looks never the worse.

Lord Clincher sen. A good Nagg I believe indeed — But I was enquiring after our Friends.

Sir Joseph. O our Friends, I beg pardon my Lord, they are all

all well. There was Sir *Jeremy Leapwell*, Sir *William Ditcher*, 'Squire *Bumper*, *Tom Bowler*, the great Horse-Courser, and a dozen more I believe met all last Week at Neighbour *Jacksons* to view a Litter of Whelps, and over half a dozen Hunters Mugs of good brown Nappy; we all swore to be true to you.

Lord Clincher sen. I am oblig'd to my Friends in general, and to you Sir *Joseph* in particular—But what will you drink the Prince and his Royal Consorts Health in, a Glass of Burgundy or Champaigne?

Sir Joseph. I had rather have a Dram of French Brandy that will stand Proof—I am a little vex'd; the Day before I set out a mad Dog bit some of my best Hounds, and two of my finest Colts have got the Spavin. Had it not been for my Promise to you and the Girl, I would have staid at home and seen the Upshot.

Lord Clincher Sen. They will all do well again I hope, Sir *Joseph*; (calls) who's in waiting there (enter Servant) bring me up a Bottle of French Brandy. (Exit. Servant, and returns with a Bottle, and a Dram-Glass.)

Lord Clincher jun. But what will the young Lady drink, Sir *Joseph*?—Perhaps she may chuse a Glass of Wine rather than a Dram.

Sir Joseph. She's good Blood, Sir, she likes what her Father likes.

Lord Clincher jun. Miss will you give me leave to help you to a Glass of Wine.

Miss Nancy. No, Sir, I thank you I'll have the same as Father.

Lord Clincher sen. Pour me out a little (to the Servant, takes the Glass.) Here honest Sir *Joseph* the royal Bride and Bridegroom's Healths.

Sir Joseph. My Lord with all my Heart (putting off his Hat, Servant offers him a Glass.) What dos't give me this thimble full for—My Lord, you will excuse me, my Name is Sir *Joseph Wronghead of Shallowhead-Hall in Devonshire*, I am no flincher, my first tip is always a Quartern.

Lord Clincher sen. I ask pardon Sir *Joseph*, the Glass is too small indeed (to the Servant) bring a larger Glass immediately, (Servant goes to the Side-Board, and returns with a large Glass, fills it almost full, and gives it to Sir *Joseph*.)

Sir Joseph. Ay, ay, Man, this is something like, this is *Devonshire Fashion* (drinks it up.)

Lord Clincher sen. You forgot the Health Sir *Joseph*.

Sir Joseph. I crave your Pardon, my Lord. My poor brindled Bitch *juno*, runs so in my Mind, that I can't get her out of my Head—But here Man (to the Servant) let's have t'other Glass, I won't baulk that Health however.

Lord Clincher sen. Fill Sir *Joseph* another Glass, I hope it hits your Palate Sir *Joseph*.

Sir Joseph. (taking the Glass from the Servant, and tasting

'Tis good Brandy indeed my Lord. Come, Sir, (drinking to the Gentleman next him) here's Health and Prosperity to the Royal Couple, may the Prince prove a good Workman, and do his Duty as he ought——You must excuse me, my Lord, I am an old Man, but a merry one.

Lord Clincher sen. Very facetious indeed Sir *Joseph*.

Sir *Joseph*. My Lord I am oblig'd to you, I find myself a little better after these Drams——I could wish poor *Roger* one.

Lord Clincher jun. Sir *Joseph*, your Daughter has not drank yet.

Sir *Joseph*. O poor Girl, let her have some, but not so much, she'll fuck it in like Mother's Milk.

Lord Clincher jun. (to the Servant) fill Miss out a Dram (Servant fills it a Quarter full, and gives it her) won't you have a little more Madam.

Sir *Joseph*. Ay, ay, fill her about half way that's her Quota—Women always love the Medium (Servant pours in more, and gives it her.)

Miss *Nancy*. Father, Sir *Joseph*, what Health must I drink, the same as you? because I always do at home.

Sir *Joseph*. Yes, yes, my dear, do as I do, and you will never do amiss.

Miss *Nancy*. (drinking to Lord *Clincher* jun.) the aforesaid Health, Sir.

Lord *Clincher* jun. Thank you my pretty Angel.

Sir *Joseph*. Angel, who calls my Child Angel——Why she is but a plain *Devonshire* Wench, Sir; pray don't flatter her.

Lord *Clincher* jun. You mistake Sir *Joseph*, it was only the Gentleman and I were disputing which was nearest the Court, the Bear and ragged Staff (where Miss informs us you set up) or the Angel-Inn.

Sir *Joseph*. Oh, oh, Sir, I beg pardon, I am a little thick of hearing sometimes.

Lord *Clincher* sen. (to the Servant) Carry *Roger* a Dram of this Brandy——Come Sir *Joseph* you shall take a view of the Court out of my Window (if you please) I want to talk with you.

Sir *Joseph*. I thank your Honour for rememb'ring poor *Roger* — *Nancy* may stay where she does, we shan't go out of the Room, shall us?

Lord *Clincher* sen. No, no, Sir *Joseph*.

Lord *Clincher* sen. and Sir *Joseph* retire to the Window, Lord *Clincher* jun. Miss *Nancy*, and the rest, remain as before.

Lord *Clincher* jun. Madam will you give me leave to pledge you in a Glass of Wine (pouring out a Glass, and giving it to Miss *Nancy*.)

Miss *Nancy*. Sir, if Father'l drink, I'll drink.

Lord *Clincher* jun. He is busy my dearest dear——let the old Folk alone, we young ones will enjoy ourselves.

Miss *Nancy*. Dearest dear; why they are pretty words, but if Father

Father had heard you, he would have been woundy mad, for he turn'd away Tom our Coachman, only because he heard him call me dear once at Questions and Commands.

Lord Clincher jun. Coachman, my Charmer; but I am a Lord worth thousands and ten thousands. And 'tis in my Power to make you a greater Woman than ever your Mother was.

Miss Nancy. Father, Sir Joseph (he does not hear her.)

Lord Clincher jun. What do you want with him, Madam—
(aside) sure she is not such a Fool as to hallow out before all this Company, that I am making love to her.

Miss Nancy. Father, Sir Joseph (he seems to be talking very earnestly with Lord Clincher sen. looks round) What says my Girl.

Miss Nancy. May I drink a Glass of Wine.

Sir Joseph. Ay, ay, as many as you will (turns again to Lord Clincher sen.)

Lord Clincher jun. 'Tis not convenient, lovely Creature, for young Ladies to ask their Father's Consent always, if you are thus severely dutiful, you will lose all the Pleasure of Life.

Miss Nancy. But 'tis the Fashion in our Country, Sir—
Besides, Father told me before we came out that I must do nothing, without his Consent.

Lord Clincher jun. That's only for Children, my dear, you are a young Lady grown up fit for a Husband, and therefore in most respects at Liberty to follow your own Inclinations.

Miss Nancy. I have thought myself so Sir, ever since my Cousin Suky Longhead was married, she was but fourteen, and I am almost nineteen.

Lord Clincher jun. I think Sir Joseph does not deal justly by you indeed Miss, so fair as you are, and so capable of making any Man happy (taking her by the Hand, and looking at Sir Joseph.)

Miss Nancy. Besides, Sir, I can leap a six barr'd Gate, or jump a Ditch better than any Girl in Devonshire.

Lord Clincher jun. Nothing so pleasant, my dear, as to take a leap sometimes. (Aside) with you.

Miss Nancy. O 'tis delightful.

Lord Clincher jun. Ravishing —— But hold, here come the old Folks, we must now be hush—Some other time, my jewel, we'll talk more of it.

Miss Nancy. I am sure I love it as well as my Father.

(Lord Clincher sen. and Sir Joseph join Company.)

Lord Clincher sen. Well, Sir Joseph, I shall expect you and Miss to morrow at Court, it is a publick Day, and you shall have a fight of the Prince and Princess.

Sir Joseph. My Lord you are vastly good—Bet let's have another Dram, and send for my Man Roger to take up the Portmanteau, and then we'll go.

Lord Clincher. Sen. Fill Sir Joseph a Bumper (to his Servant) and call Roger.

Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. (with a Glass in his Hand) My Lord, I hope you will pardon me, but I must sing a little Catch that I made upon the Road (Enter Roger, take up the Portmanteau, come Roger.

Lord Clincher sen. By all means Sir Joseph.

AIR III.

Sir Joseph. What Joys attend *Britania's* Heir,
Diffusive as his Virtues are.
Favour'd of Heaven with such a Bride,
So crown'd with Bliss on ev'ry side,
'Twere vain to wish him happiness,
Beyond what now he must possess.
Once more his Health — and may he prove
A Champion in the Field of Love.

(He drinks up the Brandy) Come *Nancy*, Come *Roger*, my Lord and Gentlemen your Servant. (Exeunt Sir Joseph, Miss *Nancy*, and *Roger* awkwardly.)

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Etonia and her Maid Betty, hard at work, sewing on Tinsel, instead of Silver, and Glass instead of Diamonds, on a Petty-Coat, at her Lodgings in *Drury-Lane*. *Etonia* advancing.

What tho' I am a *Drury Whore*,
And Times at present very poor,
Yet I of Wealth may have good store,
Occasion'd by this Marriage.
I'll put on irrefistless Grace,
New Charms, new Airs, new Teeth, new Face,
And seise at Court some noted Place
Not fearful of Miscarriage.
This gawdy Dress shall love dispense,
And smite some Duke, if not a Prince,
And thus a Lady I'll commence,
O pleasing Titillation.
Thrice bless'd be the illustrious House
Of *Gotha*, and her royal Spouse,
If by this means I can but souse
A Cull, and Kiss in Fashion.

Here Betty (holding up the Coat) how do you think t'will do?
Betty. Very well, Madam, I believe, I don't think any one
will be able to distinguish it from real Silver, or the Glass from
Diamonds

Diamonds by Candle-light ; besides 'tis amongst crowd, you may single out your Man, and avoid the *knowing ones*.

Etonia. True *Betty*— O my dear Girl if it should but take I shall be so transported, nothing in the World can be like it.

Betty. Upon my Life, Madam, I do not think the Project at all unlikely.

Etonia. That's a good Girl— O I am so sick (spitting) Pray *Betty* go into the Alley to Mistress, what d'ye call her, Lard I can't think of her Name ? and fetch me a Quartern of Anniseed— sh'ell trust me.

Betty. Mistress, who Madam, she must be a new comer then.

Etonia. Mrs. *Martins*— pray make haste, for I think I shall faint (*Exit. Betty*, and returns with a Quartern, and gives her Mistress a Glass) O this is reviving, but I hope to have a Glass of Citron 'ere a Week's at an End—Here *Betty* help yourself.

Betty. Thank you Madam ; (drinking) here's good Success— Let him be Lord, Duke, or Knight, may he bleed freely.

Etonia. But Lard *Betty* what shall us do about the Head-cloaths now, that fretts me again (scratching her Head.)

Betty. O, Madam, don't be vex'd at that, Mr. *Starch* promis'd me you should have them, and I am a sort of favourite there.

Etonia. But then, what shall us do about a Gold Watch and Coronet ?

Betty. Why, there's a little more difficulty in that — I know old *Usurer* won't part with them, unless he has good Security.

Etonia. D—n him for a mercenary pimping Son of a Bitch — How shall us be able to manage that Affair, *Betty* ?

Betty. I have a Crotchet in my Head, Madam.

Etonia. Come out with it then, for I can't bear the thoughts of a Disappointment—The Devil take old *Usurer* for me ; but what is it *Betty* ?

Betty. Suppose then, Madam, I go to a Couple of our Tally-men, and borrow of each a Suit of their richest Cloaths for you, upon an extraordinary Occasion, and we Mortgage them to Mr. *Usurer* for the Watch.

Etonia. A lucky thought as I breath : go this Moment, and try then— But what shall us do if we meet with no Success ?

Betty. No fear of that, Madam, Fortune always favours the bold.

Etonia. I'll hope for the best, the worst will come. — But however I can't go to a worse Place than I have been — But dear *Betty* have you got my Teeth, and paint, and every thing ready against to morrow.

Betty. Leave that to me, Madam, I'll take care of every thing, and dress you like an Angel ; you shall (if possible) out shine the Bride.

Etonia. Dear sweet Girl, dear *Betty*, by gad I have a great Mind to get drunk at the thoughts of it.

Betty. No, no, Madam, you know you are never fit for Business the next Day.

Etonia.

Etonia. We will have t'other Dram however, (throws down her Work, fill's out a Glass, and drinks) Come, *Betty*, drink, yon Whore.

Betty. Let the worst come, we can but move off the Premisses, ahd retire into the Mint.

Etonia. Right, Wench.

AIR V.

Since Fortune's a Jilt, a Jilt will she trick,
Or succour a Sister surrounded with Woe.
O grant, all ye Powers, a Prize I may nick,
Or Gentle, or Simple, or Sloven, or Beaux.
May the Deceits which conspicuously shine,
And artfully varnish my Body all over,
Kindly assist me to finger the Coin,
And help a poor Wretch to a *free-bleeding Lover*.

Betty. I'll warrant you, Madam, we shan't be the only Sufferers at this joyful Time.

Etonia. I hope not, *Betty*.

Betty. Nor, by Gad, we won't; burn me if we are.

AIR VI.

Shall every *British* Subject boast,
Or Wealth, or Ease, or Pleasure, now engrost,
And is the kind, the common Mis',
Alone exempted from this publick Bliss.
Forbid it, *Venus*, *Cupid*, *Jove*,
Forbid it, all ye righteous Powers above;
And grant that I, e'er next Night pafs,
May fee a Knight, or Justice, made an Af's.

Etonia. I hope so too, *Betty*, (she sings the last Part) and grant that I, &c. — But come, my Dear, we must mind our Work, or else we shan't have Time to finish.

S C E N E changes to the Bear, and Ragged-Staff Sir Joseph, Miss Nancy and Roger entring their own Chamber at the Inn.

Sir *Jos.* Lay down the Portmanteau on the Table, *Roger*, and give a Whistle for the Landlord. (Roger does as he is bid; Answer from below.) Coming, Sir. (Enter Drawer.) Bid my Landlord come up.

Drawer. Yes, Sir. (Exit. Enter Landlord.)

Sir *Joseph*. Are you my honest Landlord?

Landlord. Yes, Sir, for want of a better.

Sir *Jos.* Why then, Sir, I commit that Portmanteau to your Care and Custody, expecting it forthcoming when I shall call for it, round and sound, whole and without los's.

B

Landlord.

Landlord. It shall be done. —— But what will your Honour be pleas'd to drink after your Walk, or to have provided for Supper?

Sir Jof. I don't know. What say you, *Nancy*?

Miss Nancy. What you please, Sir.

Sir Jof. I don't know what to think on, not I. What say you, *Roger*?

Roger. What you please, 'tis no odds to *Roger*.

Landlord. Suppose then, you have a Couple of Fowls fricasied? or, a —

Sir Jof. I had as leave eat a Couple of Toads. —— But I don't much care; whatever my Child and *Roger* like.

Roger. Fowls in our Country, Master, (to the Landlord) are as thick as Hops; they are no Rarity to none 'ans. But if you (turning to *Sir Joseph*) and *Miss* think fit, suppose we have a double Mugg of good *Devonshire* Beer, a large Toast and Nutmeg, with some right old *Cheshire* Cheese.

Sir Joseph. (Laughing) Well spoke *Roger*; but where shall us get it? There's no such thing in *London*.

Landlord. Yes, Sir, I have as good found *Devonshire* Beer as ever was tipt over Tongue. —— You can't name a Country-Ale, Sir, but I have it. I have *Yorkshire*, *Wiltshire*, *Cumberland*, *Northumberland*, and so on.

Roger. Our own's best, if my Master thinks well on't. —— This plaguy Change of Liquor has made me so dry, that, to my Mind, I could drink a Hogshead almost.

Sir Jof. Well, take care of the Portmanteau, and send up what *Roger* has directed.

Landlord. It shall be done, Sir. (Exit with the Portmanteau. Enter Drawer with a double Mugg of Beer, sets it on the Table, and exit.

Sir Jof. Come *Nancy*, come *Roger*, we be'nt at Court now, you may sit down if you will.

Roger. Thank yon, Sir, (sitting) to my Mind this is a better Place than Court, they be so plaguy vine, and talk so vine, that one has no Satisfaction.

Miss Nancy. That was a pretty Man, Father, that I stood next to.

Sir Joseph. Pretty, the Devil pretty, what's the Wench mad?

Roger. I did not see an handsome Man there to my Mind, they seem to be more like Cormorants than Men. — For, wounds, I never saw such a confounded deal of Guttage in my Life. — But am happier with what I have here than I should be with all their Dainties.

Miss Nancy. Father *Sir Joseph*, We be to go and see the Prince and Princess to morrow; be'nt us?

Sir Jof. Ay, Child, but you must not so much as look at a Man then.

Miss Nancy. Why so, Sir?

Sir Joseph. Because they are so lewd, they'll want to debauch you; they are, by Hearsay, very Devils for Wenching.

Roger. I may go too, Sir, mayn't I?

Sir Joseph. Ay, ay, Roger. (they drink round.)

Roger. You know, Master, I us'd to make Songs at home, I made Part of one at Court after the Lord Clinker, or Clinchers, or what's his Name's Servant told me, we was to see the Bride and Bridegroom to-morrow — For they could not talk about curing the Bite of a mad Dog or Spavin; nor I could not talk about what my Lord such a one said, or my Lady such a one.

Sir Joseph. True, Roger; but what's the Song about?

Roger. Why about me and you and Miss Nancy, and the Prince and Princess.

Sir Joseph. Come let's have it Roger; and Nancy shall sing the Song our Curate made about the Wedding.

A I R VII.

Roger. Although that I am a Devonshire Man,
And my Master a Knight, Sir Joseph by Name,
And there's never a Maid can compare with Miss Nan,
Nor Servant rival Roger's Fame.
Yet to Morrow's Beams to me shall disclose
The brightest Objects these Eyes e'er beheld.
The British Lilly join'd with the soft German Rose,
All other Weddings by far are excell'd.
Then let us drink an Health to the Bride,
And to the Bridegroom's fill a Bumper away.
'Twas Sir Joseph, Miss Nancy, and Roger did ride,
So far to be present at that happy Day.

Sir Jof. Very well, Roger.

Rog. I am glad you like it Sir — ; But if we go to Court, I must be trim'd, and put on my best Cloaths and Belt.

Sir Jof. To be sure, Roger.

Miss Nancy. Father how comes my Lord Clincher to be so very friendly to us?

Sir Jof. Because, my Dear, I have been a good Friend to him.

Miss Nancy. How can that be, what can a Lord want?

Sir Jof. Want, Child! a thousand Things — ; Why you know I got Votes for him.

Rog. About 'lections, you know, Sir.

Sir Jof. Right, Roger, 'tis in that I'm most serviceable — ; But what else did you see at Court?

Rog. See Sir, Why I see a plaguy Sight of vine Folk; but to my Mind, Devonshire is as good as the Court, because they seem to be in a Hurly-Burly there.

Miss Nancy. In my Opinion indeed, 'tis nothing but Hurry-scurry, Hilter and Skilter.

Sir

Sir *Jos.* We are happier by our selves than in so much strange Company here, *Nancy* (drinking) come whet your Whistle, and sing the Song.

[*Mrs Nancy* drinks, and after an Hem or two begins.

AIR VIII.

In pompous Consultation met,
The Glorious Pow'rs of Heav'n ;
To see if Britain wanted yet,
More Blessings than were given :
Intolerable Brightness shone,
Whilst Jove thus spoke from golden Throne

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Minerva's both these People share,

And all that's counted wife.

What other Favours can Heaven spare,

But what they may despise ?

How needless then is this Debate,

Since nothing's wanting to that State ?

Fa, la, la, la, la.

That they are brave, that they are wise,

Says Cupid we all grant ;

But yet they can't monopolize,

If prov'd they something want :

In vain you term that Land compleat,

Till Frederick and Augusta meet,

Fa, la, la, la, la.

Sir *Jos.* (yawning) Very well my Dear : I find my self sleepy.
Miss Nancy. But my Song is not done, Sir.

Sir *Jos.* Well, well, We'll have the Remainder another time,
but at present retire to Rest, and dream of To-morrow's Show — :
See that the Horses are well rack'd, Roger, and then go to Bed.
Rog. That I will, Master.

S C E N E changes to Lord Clincher jun. Apartment, and discovers him in an Undress, and his Gentleman.

AIR IX. Of all the Girls that are so smart, &c.

Of all the Girls that shine so bright,

Or tickle human fancy,

There's none can give such vast Delight,

As charming Country Nancy.

Whate're the Poet's tuneful Tongue,

Or amorous Lover can say ;

Is far surpass'd, is far out-done,

By pretty Country Nancy.

There's not a Dame can vie with her,

Or Lady, Queen, or Princess ;

Matchless the charms beyond compare,

Quite ravishing our Senses :

O fairest Virgin of this Isle,
Transcending beauteous *Nancy*,
May you vouchsafe on me to smile,
And grant what I do—fancy.

I have seen *Tom* To-day, the Flower of her sex the Quintessence of Beauty.

Gent. No Objects but what are engaging should ever meet your Lordship's Eyes. —— But where does this charming Creature grow?

Lord Clinch. jun. At present she is in Town; but *Devonshire* gave her birth. —— I must and will taste her if its possible.

Gent. If I can be of any Service to your Lordship in this Affair, I shall think myself very happy.

A I R X.

O what vast extensive Bliss,
Lies latent in a Country Kiss;
What Joys does Innocence afford,
To the well-experienc'd Lord,
With Town Lass cloyd,
The Country's Pride,
Can more substantial Bliss provide,
For the Courtly Lover.

Lord Clinch. jun. Ay ten to one, there's no Comparison between them.

Gent. I am entirely of your Lordship's Opinion; but with Submission, how do you intend to manage it?

Lord Clinch. jun. To-morrow she is to be at Court; I must then contrive to carry her off.

Gent. I see no Difficulty in the Matter.

Lord Clinch. jun. Nor I: —— But at present will betake myself to my Repose, and dream (if possible) of that Angelick Creature.

Gent. I wish your Lordship a good Night.

(*Exit.*)

S C E N E changes to *Lord Clincher senior's Bed-chamber.* A Table with Papers: *He takes them up, reads a while, and muses.*

Lord Clinch. sen. Notwithstanding I am persecuted with all the inveterate Spleen that witty Malice can invent; yet now I am retir'd, speak, thou faithful Monitor, Conscience, if you can lay any thing to my Charge beyond the common Frailties of Man. (*Pauses a little.*) —— Am I not the glorious Instrument of these happy Times, and more happy Nuptials? —— Avaunt then, all melancholy Thoughts; the upright Man always carries a Secret Satisfaction in himself.

The Royal Marriage.

A I R XI.

What would uneasy *Britain* have? *privy Council*
What would the *Disaffected* crave? *Colonies*

The *Brave* and *Loyal* to *supp'ant*. *loyal*

Let them impartially confess *loyal*

Their present *State* and *Happiness*, *loyal*

Then tell me what they want. *loyal*

Human Nature fickle roves, *loyal*

What e'erst it lik'd soon disapproves, *loyal*

Nor *Worth* nor *Merit* can prevail. *loyal*

Let the *Most* vile *malicious* Men, *loyal*

Speak nothing but the *Truth*, and then *loyal*

Justly declare in what I fail. *loyal*

End of the Second A C T.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Etonia dressing at a Glass in her own Lodgings, and her Maid *Betty*.

A I R XII.

Come *Venus*, *Cupid*, *Proteus* too, *Bro. I*

Thus metamorphos'd I sue, *most*

Let me be your peculiar Care, *most*

And speed an hapless Woman's Pray'r. *most*

In a languish- Grant that this Look, this artful Smile, *Putting on a*
ing Manner. May some fond Heart to Love beguile. *smiling Coun-*
tenance.

How do I look to-day, *Betty*?

Betty. O killing Madam, very killing, upon my *Seffo*.

Etonia. Don't flatter me, Hussy.

Betty. I don't upon Honour; the white and red is so artfully di-
stributed, that you appear the very Quintessence of Beauty.

Etonia. O that's a charming Speech, my Girl,

Betty. And a very true one.

A I R XIII.

So look'd the fair *Ægyptian* Queen,

When the World's Victors she subdu'd,

Such Charms were in *Campaspe* seen,

When the great *Alexander* su'd:

So graceful mov'd the *Spartan* Dame.

Which dealt to *Paris*' Breast the Flame,

Such killing Airs adorn'd the *Mnid*,

Which set *Persepolis* on Fire;

Such Looks *Jove*'s Breast to Love betray'd,

When *Leda* kindled soft Desire.

Fond

Fond Thoughts Perfection must bestow,
And smite a Country Put or Beau.

Etonia. Very fine, *Betty*, you sooth me indeed to Perfection,
Betty. No more than you deserve, *Madam*.

Etonia. May it be in my Power to reward you for your kind
Speeches.

Betty. I don't scruple that in the least.

Etonia. Shall us have one Quartern of Anniseed, my dear Girl,
before we part?

Betty. No Madam, not for the World. — Consider the Char-
acter you are to sustain. What, for a Dutches to stink of hot
Waters. — O fy.

Etonia. 'Tis true Child, I acquiesce.

Betty. I am sure, *Madam*, I consult your Interest as if 'twas my
own.

Etonia. I believe you, *Betty*. — But be sure tell *Dick Hether*
and *Tom Bully* not to be out of the way.

Betty. I will take care to order every thing for the best.

Etonia. I don't question your Diligence. — Well, wish
me good luck.

AIR XIV.

When Ladies their Interest through Pleasure pursue,
How languid their Hearts, what odd Fancies?
They may gain a rich Prize, a free Heart may subdue,
Or in *Bridewel* beat Hemp, which the Chance is.
Betty. That the former may be your Ladyship's Lot,
Your faithful Maid the old Custom revives,
Or better in *Drury* a whole Night to trot,
Unless this Scheme successfully thrives.
(Throws her Shoe after her.)

S C E N E changes to the Drawing-Room, Prince and Princess under
a Canopy of State, attended by the Nobility on either Side, Lord
Clincher senior, Lord Clincher junior, Sir Joseph Wronghead,
Mrs Nancy, *Etonia*, &c. Musick plays to the following Air.

AIR XV.

Great God of Light who swiftly glide,
And measure round this earthly Sphere,
When did you view so fair a Bride?
When did you mark so bright a Pair?
Illustrious Cynthia, President of Night,
Whose Beams outshine each low inferior Star,
Rous'd from *Endymion*'s Lap behold this Sight,
Then finking tell what glorious Object's here;
Diffusive Joys,
O'erspread these Isles,
Cupid laughs,
And *Venus* smiles.

The Royal Marriage.

May every Bliss that Heaven can give abound,
And Day and Night with endless Joys be crown'd.

Sir Joseph. (to Lord Clincher sen.) Pray, my Lord, which are the Prince and Princess.

Lord Clincher sen. Those illustrious Personages who fit above the rest.

Sir Joseph. (pointing) O what they.

Lord Clincher jun. (to Miss Nancy) Here's a fine sight, my pretty Angel — I believe you will confess *Devonshire* never produc'd the like.

Miss Nancy. 'Tis indeed, Sir; but I don't know which be the new married Folks unless you shew me

Lord Clincher jun. Don't you see two People dres'd finer than the rest, fitting under a velvet Canopy.

Miss Nancy. Whereabouts — A Canopy, I don't know what you mean by a Canopy.

Lord Clineber jun. A Velvet covering over them.

Miss Nancy. O, at the upper end I believe I do now (pointing) they are they: why, they seem to fit and say nothing — the Bride and Bridegroom in our Country, are as merry as Grigs.

(A Nobleman holds *Lord Clincher sen.* in discourse, with his back turn'd to *Sir Joseph*, *Etonia* perceiving, *Sir Joseph* staring hard at the Prince and Princess, approaches him.)

Etonia. You seem to be confounded, Sir, with this fine Sight.

Sir Joseph. 'Tis a pretty shew indeed, Madam. (aside) But who can this fine Lady be that speaks to me, she is nothing but Diamonds.

Etonia. The Drawing-Room for this many a Day, I might say Age has not been adorn'd with so beautiful a Circle of Gentlemen and Ladies.

Sir Joseph. The Ladies are very handsome indeed, Madam — But to my mind you are as pretty as any of them — Sure those Cloaths must cost you a bloody deal of money.

Etonia. But a trifle, Sir — I find you can Compliment the Ladies whether they deserve it or no.

Sir Joseph. Upon my Soul I speak as I mean. (Lord Clincher jun. observes them, and courts *Miss Nancy* all the time.)

Etonia. Then I am oblig'd to you, Sir — I wonder what it is a Clock (looking at her Watch) past five I protest.

Sir Joseph. Will you give me leave to look, Madam (he looks on her Watch, and observes the Coronet on it) why you are a Lady I believe, arn't you?

Etonia. If I am, Sir, you are a very accomplished Gentleman — But seem to be used most to the Country.

Sir Joseph. Yes, yes, Madam, I am a Country Gentleman — *Sir Joseph Wronghead*, Receiver General of *Devonshire*, is as well known in that Country as you are here.

Etonia.

Etonia. Sir *Joseph*, your most obedient — I thought you was a Nobleman by your courteous Behaviour.

Sir Joseph. Yes, yes, *Madam*, my Father was a Baronet, and so was my Grandfather. But pray who may your Ladyship be, I hope no offence.

Etonia. I take my Title, Sir *Joseph*, from your Country; I am the Dutches's Dowager of *Devine*.

Sir Joseph. My Lady Dutches I ask ten thousand Pardons — I should not have been so bold had I known who your Honour had been.

Etonia. Make no excuse pray Sir *Joseph* — To give you at once a proof of my Pardon and Respect for your Country, I insist upon your Company at my Palace for half an Hour.

Sir Joseph. I am much oblig'd to your Grace — I can't say but I am almost tir'd of these fine Folk here — — — But what shall I do with my Girl?

Etonia. What Girl, Sir *Joseph*?

Sir Joseph. My Daughter *Nancy*.

Etonia. O leave *Miss* here, she can't come to any harm in such good company, besides we shall be back in half an Hour.

Sir Joseph. I cannot refuse your Ladyship's kind offer.

Etonia. Be pleas'd to follow me Sir *Joseph*, and i'll conduct you out.

[*Exeunt Etonia and Sir Joseph.*]

S C E N E changes to the Anti-chamber, as they pass through the Room where the Servants are. Roger sees his Master, and calls out.

Roger. Sir, Sir. Master where be you a going?

Sir Joseph. (looking round) only to the Dutches Dowager of *Devonshire's* Palace for half an Hour — But hark ye *Roger*, if *Nancy* should want any thing, or come this way be sure follow her, let her go where she will. (*Scene changes as before.*)

Miss Nancy. Laws 'tis vast hot.

Lord Clincher jun. Be persuaded my dear to take a Breath of Air for a Quarter of an Hour, and that will revive you.

Miss Nancy. But where's my Father, I must ask him leave.

Lord Clincher jun. He is just slept out. We shall meet him at the Door I suppose.

Miss Nancy. O Lard I shall faint.

(*Exeunt Lord Clincher jun., and Miss Nancy.*)

S C E N E changes to *Etonia's Lodging*. *Sir Joseph*, *Etonia* and *Betty*, with *Brandy* and *Glasses* by them.

Sir Joseph. By Gad I never kiss'd a Dutches so much in my life before (kissing her.)

Etonia.

Etonia. Sir *Joseph* you are welcome — I am entirely at your service upon all accounts.

Sir Joseph. Come my Lady Dutchesse let's drink (they all drink) this is better than the Court to my mind.

AIR XVI.

Etonia taking him round the Neck. What is the Brilliant shew of Courts,
Compar'd with Joys my Dutchesse gives,
He who to charms like theire resorts,
Transporting extasies receives.
Sir Joseph. Thrice lovely dear, engaging Knight,
Etonia (bugging) My soul, my fair, my whole delight,
How inexpressible this Bliss.

Sir Joseph. Not Heaven can give us more than this (kissing her.)

Betty. (pouring out a Glass of Brandy) Sir *Joseph*, my Duty to your Honour. My Lady Dutchesse your Grace's Health.

Sir Joseph. Thank you, Child — Ay, ay, let's drink, (they all drink.)

Betty. Indeed Sir *Joseph* you are a charming Man — none but you could have smit my Lady.

AIR XVII.

Egregious Knight, enticing fair,
And kinder Fortune to ensnare
So amorous, so fit a prey —
Now 'tis exceeding *Apropos* (turning to *Etonia*.)
Let's introduce th' intended shew,
And crown with mirth the painful Day.

Etonia. Come, Sir *Joseph*, one more Dram (drinking to him.)

Sir Joseph. With all my Heart, my dearest (drinks and takes *Etonia* round the waste, and throws her on the Bed, his Wigg tumbles off, great knocking at the Door.)

Betty. Who's there? (Opens the Door, Enter *Dick, Hector, and Tom Bull*, they surprize *Sir Joseph* and *Etonia* smugling on the Bed.)

Hector. Mighty well, Madam, is this your Virtue?

Etonia. O dear Sir *Joseph*, What shall us do? We are both ruin'd, here's my Husband.

Sir Joseph. What d'ye mean by that, my Lady, you are a Widow arn't you?

Hector.

Hector. No, Sir, she's my Wife—And this moment I require satisfaction for abusing me in this manner (drawing his sword.)

Sir Joseph. (falling on his Knees) O, dear Sir, for Gods-sake I meant no harm

Hector. Harm, Sir—'Sblood and wounds you are a dead man seeming in a great Passion, and pointing his sword at Sir Joseph's Breast.)

Sir Joseph. O for Christ's Sake, Sir, most noble Sir, I'll make you any Satisfaction that lies in my Power.

Hector. 'Tis out of your Power, —— and I'll have your Life (advancing nearer him.)

Sir Joseph. Have some Compaffion on an innocent Man. —— I'll give you any Thing, even my brown Gelding, and brindled Bitch, —— or any Thing in the World.

Hector. Damn your brown Gelding, and brindled Bitch; —— But who are you that thus dare debauch my Wife?

Sir Joy. I am Sir *Jof. Wronghead*, Sir, Receiver-General of Devonshire, worth 2000 l. per Annum, and very much at your Service.

Hector. Then Sir Joseph, unless you give me a Note payable on Sight for 2000 l. I'll force an Oilet-hole through your Body this Moment, —— and so get up (they help him up, Pen, Ink, and Paper is brought.)

Sir Joseph. O Sir, will nothing else do?

Hector. Do you scruple it, Sir, then this Minute shall be your last (putting the Sword to his Throat.)

Sir Joseph. (Shaking) I will, Sir; (writes the Note, and gives it to Hector, snatches up his Cane and Hat, and runs off) the Devil take such Dutchesses for me.

S C E N E changes to a Bagnio, Lord Clincher jun. and Miss Nancy.

Lord Clinch. jun. I will, To-morrow Morning, as I hope to be fav'd.

Miss Nancy. But 'tis a great Sin, Sir.

Lord Clinch. jun. Not in the least my dear, —— 'tis only five or six Hours, and then you'll be a lawful Wife.

A I R XVIII.

Can those Charms which Court embrace,
Refuse a dying Swain?
Think on the Beauties of that Face,
And ease me of my Pain:
Health to your Patient, fair Physician give,
Let others live to die, we'll die to live. [kissing her.]

A I R

Miss Nancy. Were I softer than the Rose,
Or could my face more Charms disclose,
Than all the World beside :
Too soon, too soon, when once enjoy'd,
With Beauties Charms you will be cloy'd ;
Then first I'll be a Bride.

Lord Clinch. jun. No, by all that's good and sacred, my dearest,
I will be for ever yours.

Miss Nancy. Will you swear upon the Bible to marry me To-morrow Morning.

Lord Clinch. jun. Yes, yes my Precious, or any Thing else you desire.

Miss Nancy. Then, I'm yours.

S C E N E changes to the Street, Sir Joseph instead of going to St. James's looses his Way and turns up to the Bagnio, Roger standing at the Door spies him.

Roger. (crying) Lord Master where have you been, or where are you going ?

Sir Joseph. O Roger ! Is it you ? I was going to Court to see after Nancy. — But what do you do here ?

Roger. Why, Sir, according to your Orders, I saw Miss Nancy come through the Room where I was, and I follow'd her to this House, — but the Folk won't let me come in.

Sir Joseph. Who was with her ?

Roger. The young Gentleman that stood by her at my Lord Clinker's.

Sir Joseph. Very well, — [aside] if that's the Sport, I'll be even with them (he goes into the House with Roger) here, have not you a young Gentleman and Lady above ?

Waiter. Not as I know of, Sir.

Sir Joseph. Don't tell me a lye, Sir — I am Sir Joseph Wronghead, and have lost my Daughter, my Man saw her come in here with my Lord Clincher jun. and if you don't show me up to them I'll make an Example of you and your Master too, Sirrah, (Waiter lights them up and knocks at the Door)

Lord Clinch. Who's there ? no one shall come within this Room To-night.

Sir Joseph. That's a Mistake, Sir. (breaks open the Door and finds Miss Nancy in great Disorder and Lord Clincher jun. with his Night Cap and Gown on) Very fine Doings, so you have very decently made my Daughter a Whore, I humbly presume.

Lord Clinch. No Sir, but I intend to make her my lawful Wife To-morrow Morning, with your Leave.

Sir Joseph. If you don't do it this Night, you are a dead Man. (drawing) Here Waiter, do you know where the Parson lives ?

Lord

Lord Clinch. jun. Pray Sir excuse me till To-morrow Morning.
Sir Joseph. No Sir, Delays are dangerous. (*Miss Nancy adjusts herself, and throws herself at her Father's Feet*) You are a pretty Minx, indeed. (*going to strike her*)

Lord Clinch. jun. Pray Sir don't injure the young Lady; if any one is to blame, I alone am culpable ————— And since it must be so (*to the Waiter*) go call Doctor Crape. (*Exit Drawer and returns with the Parson.*)

Sir Joseph. Doctor here are a Couple that want to be made one ————— Pray do your Office.

(*Whilst the Ceremony is suppos'd to be performing, Enter Shepherds and Shepherdess's, who dance to Musick, and alternately sing the following Epithalamium.*)

No fabled Charms our Muse employ,
No Mother of the Hood-wink'd Boy,
Nor she who dealt the Flame to Troy;
Tho' each once claim'd her Duty.
A nobler Name our Verse inspires,
And animates our feeble Lyres,
With more exalted Thoughts and Fires;
Thee, Thee we praise,
With tuneful Lays,
To thee our Lutes and Harps we raise,
O fair Germanian Beauty.
Conducted by all pow'rful Love,
And Majesty soft Zephyrs move,
Her Sails spontaneous all to prove,
Their Care of this bright Charmer.
Celestial Rays adorn her Face,
Each Feature wears a different Grace;
She glows with Ardour to embrace,
A Youth so fair,
Beyond Compare,
In Shape, in Face, in Mien and Air,
No Wonder he could warm her.
What glorious Epochas shall rise,
From these auspicious sacred Ties,
Prophetick Ruler of the Skies,
Will you to us discover:
All that we wish, all that we crave,
From one so fair, and one so brave,
With Hands extended we shall have:
Then let's rejoice,
With publick Voice,
With Songs of Joy applaud the Choice,
Since Beauty's Queen's come over.
Long has the mournful Wretch confin'd,
With Chearfulness himself resign'd,

Since

The Royal Marriage.

Since bounteous Heaven has you design'd,
To succour the Distress'd.
Your Intercession shall reprieve
The lost, and bid the dying live,
Whil'st you implore, who can but give?
Thus Babes unborn,
Shall bless the Morn,
You came with joyful Hymns adorn;
Your Name and Style, you blessed.
Nor Jewel bright, nor Gem-like Star,
Can any Charms on you confer,
Bright Nymph who all Perfection share,
Far far beyond Expression.
What could the bounteous Gods bestow,
Just to thy Merits here below?
What Present could be worthy you,
But to enjoy,
That princely Boy,
Whose Welfare all our Thoughts employ,
O amiable Possession.
Come all ye Cupids, Chaplets bring;
Ye Bards *Epithalamia* sing,
Ye sacred Sisters tune your Strings,
To charm the royal Lovers,
Ye Youth of *Albion* all advance,
With Nymphs lead up the mystick Dance,
Transported with the pleasing Chance,
To see them join'd,
In Love combin'd,
Extatick Pleasures there to find,
Let all their Joy discover.
Thrice bless'd who enter *Hymen's* Band,
With Hand and Heart, and Heart and Hand,
The Pleasures that such must command;
And Joys beyond expressing.
May this, fair Couple be your Lot,
Nor ought dissolve this happy Knot,
Till Time it self shall be forgot;
And when to breath
You cease, bequeath,
A numerous Offspring at your Death,
To us a future Blessing.

S C E N E changes to a large Room. Enter Sir Joseph, Lord Clincher jun. leading Miss Nancy, the Doctor, Roger, and others.
Sir Joseph. Now I wish you both Joy — and both have my Blessing — The great Example that our illustrious Prince

and Princes exhibit, should influence all Mankind——*May ye be as happy as they, and then I shall be rewarded for my long fatiguing Journey.*

*Britons, with me your ardent Wishes join,
Let Heaven and Earth, and all Things else combine,
With choicest Blessings crown the royal Pair,
And make them happy, happy as they're fair ;
May a long Line of Princes yet unborn,
In future Times this favourite Isle adorn.*

*A second Blessing on these two bequeath,
Let nought dissolve their mutual Loves but Death.*

(Pointing to Lord Clincher jun. and Miss Nancy.

*And may mankind from these Examples know,
That true Delights alone from Marriage flow ;
No solid Joys dwell with unlawful Love,
But Bliss transporting, Brides and Bridegrooms prove.*

[Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.

3 4 AP 54 ✓